

This is the first record I have of the occurrence of this species in Utah. Wendover is close to the Nevada line in the midst of an arid region.—
CLAUDE T. BARNES, *Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Roseate Spoonbill in North Carolina.— On April 17, 1919, Edward Fleisher wrote of having seen a Roseate Spoonbill on Smith's Island, located at the mouth of Cape Fear River, North Carolina. He wrote: "I had a perfect study of it with my field glass in my hand and my heart in my mouth."

Mr. Fleisher's home is in Brooklyn, New York, and his ornithological studies are well known to many.— T. GILBERT PEARSON, *New York City.*

Growth of a Young Killdeer (*Oxyechus v. vociferus*).— Last summer, as usual, a pair of Killdeers nested in the old familiar pasture near my home. Efforts at finding the nest were fruitless, but on July 21 a young one was finally discovered, which became subsequently an object of much interest. During the next few weeks, through a series of harmless captures which were as surprising to me as to the captive, because with each liberation I never expected to see it again, I came into possession of the interesting figures which indicate the growth of the little one during the period of a month.

On August 4 the primary wing feathers were sprouted, but still in the sheath. On the last date which I examined it — August 18 — these were well developed and the young able to fly short distances. The tail down was also largely replaced by fine feathers, as was also that of the remainder of the body.

Growth measurements of a young Killdeer taken in millimetres:

	July 21	July 28	Aug. 4	Aug. 18
Total Length	88	104	150	215
Height to Shoulder	68	80	85	110
Tarsus	27	30	33	40
Bill (Premaxilla)	11	13	15	19
Tail	25	40	45	70
Wing (Primaries)				110

— J. DEWEY SOPER, *Preston, Ontario.*

Mating "Song" of the Piping Plover.— April 1, 1917, was a fine warm and sunny spring-like morning on Plymouth Beach. There were quite a number of Piping Plovers (*Ægialitis meloda*). They were pattering around up and down the beach, and many seemed to be laboring under some excitement. They were not a flock, as such, but seemed to be birds drawn together by a common mating instinct. Some were apparently paired and others were as apparently pairing. I noticed a group of three, two of which chased each other around just like two male Robins fighting over a female. Some flew around rather low over the beach (some of them rather close to me), in apparent sexual excitement, and uttered notes while